

THE OHIO UNION.

VOL. VIII.

ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1854.

NO. 43.

THE OHIO UNION.

The Union is published every Wednesday morning at the office of Ashland, Ohio, by J. SHERIDAN.

Office on Main Street, over Robert McMahon's Store.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Union will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of two dollars per annum, if payment be made before the expiration of the year. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, will be charged, if payment be deferred till after the expiration of the year. A failure to pay in full, will give notice of discontinuance to the Publisher, at the close of the time subscribed for, will be considered an engagement for the next year, and so on year after year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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One column per year, 30.00
Advertisements, to insure insertion, should be accompanied by Monday evening. The number of insertions should always be designated—other wise advertisements will be continued until ordered out, and charged by the square.

JOB PRINTING.

All kinds of Job Printing neatly executed, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

Business Directory.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.

JAMES STEWART, Probate Judge.
JAMES W. BROWN, Clerk of Court.
ALEX. PORTER, Sheriff.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

ISAAC GAY, Auditor.
JAMES W. BROWN, Treasurer.
JAMES W. BROWN, Sheriff.
JOHN W. BROWN, Clerk of Court.
JOHN W. BROWN, Assessor.
JOHN W. BROWN, Surveyor.
JOHN W. BROWN, Coroner.
JOHN W. BROWN, Constable.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

GEORGE W. HILL, Ashland.
JOHN W. BROWN, Ashland.

HONORARY OFFICERS.

JOHN W. BROWN, Mayor.
JOHN W. BROWN, Treasurer.
JOHN W. BROWN, Sheriff.
JOHN W. BROWN, Clerk of Court.
JOHN W. BROWN, Assessor.
JOHN W. BROWN, Surveyor.
JOHN W. BROWN, Coroner.
JOHN W. BROWN, Constable.

HOTELS.

EMPIRE HOUSE,

ASHLAND, O.
G. HAYDEN, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOUSE.

Jeromeville, Nov. 30, 1853.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.

Jeromeville, Nov. 30, 1853.

FELIX HOUSE.

Jeromeville, Nov. 30, 1853.

LAWYERS.

COOPER & WATSON, Ashland, O.

WATSON & PARKER.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

SMITH & NOBLE.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

KELLY & ALLISON.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

FULTON & MCCORMICK.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

THOMAS J. HULL.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

PHYSICIANS.

B. P. CLARK, M. D.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

J. W. KENNAMAN, M. D.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

DR. THOMAS HAYES.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

JEWELLERS, &c.

J. B. GODFELLOW.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

C. A. HUBBS.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Ashland, Nov. 30, 1853.

Select Poetry.



REPLY TO LILY DALE.

BY CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

My Lily dear is sleeping,
'Neath the chestnut tree,
The spot where oft she wandered,
When innocent and free;
The wild rose and the myrtle,
Still cluster round the spot,
But my heart is full of sorrow,
And lonely is my lot.

Tell, tell the bell for gentle Lily Dale,
And let its tones echo thro' the vale,
My Lily dear I've lost, so loving, kind
And true,
Sing to-day, one sad lay, lost Lily Dale.

In spring the birds are warbling
A sad and mournful tale,
Of beauty once so blooming,
Now lying cold and pale;
The streamlet ripples onward,
So quiet through the vale,
The wild rose drops a dewy tear
For earth's lost Lily Dale.

Tell, tell the bell, &c.

Miscellaneous.

THE SQUATTER'S STORY.

"Well stranger, we have floods here in Louisiana, such as I guess, you have never seen the like of in England. England is not large enough to have such floods. One of them would cover your whole country, I have heard said. I will not say that it is true, as I am not acquainted with your geography. I know however, there are mighty big freshets here, as I have sailed a skiff more than a hundred miles across one of them, where there was nothing to be seen but cypress tops peeping out of the water. The floods are so common, come every year, but the very large ones only occasionally. Well, about ten years ago, I located in the Red River bottom, about fifty miles or thereabout below Natchitoches, where I had built a shanty. I had left my wife and two young children in Mississippi State, intending to return for them in the spring; so, you see, I was all alone by myself, except my old mare, a collie's axe, and, of course, my rifle.

I had finished the shanty all but the chimney and the building of a chimney, when what should come on but one of those severe floods. It was at night when it began to make its appearance. I was asleep on the floor of the shanty, and the first waking I had of it was feeling water soaking through my old blanket. I had been dreaming, and thought it was raining; and then again I thought that I was being drowned in Mississippi; but I was not many seconds awake before I guessed what was the reality; I jumped to my feet like a startled buck, and grouped my way to the door. What a sight I beheld, I had cleared a piece of ground around the shanty—about a couple of acres—leaving the stumps a good three feet high; but now there was not one to be seen. My clearing, stumps and all was under water; and I could see it shining among the trees all round the shanty. Of course, my first thought was about my rifle; and I turned back into the shanty and laid my claw upon that quick enough. I next went in search of my old mare. She was not hard to find; for if ever a creature made a noise, she did. She was tied to a tree close to the shanty, and the way she was squealing was a caution to cats. I found her in three or four feet of water, pitching and bounding all round the tree. She had nothing on but the rope she was hitched by. Both saddle and bridle had been washed away. So I made the rope into a sort of halter, and mounted her barebacked. Just then I began to think where I was going. The whole country appeared to be under water; and the nearest neighbor I had, lived across the prairie, ten miles off. I knew that his shanty stood on high ground, but how was I to get there? It was night; I might lose my way and ride 'chuck' into the river.

When I thought of this, I concluded it might be better to stay by my own shanty until morning. I could hitch the mare inside to keep her from being floated; and for myself, I could climb on the roof. However, while I was thinking of this, I noticed that the water was deepening, and a thought entered my head that it would soon be deep enough to drown the old mare. For myself, I was not frightened. I could climb a tree, and stay there till the flood fell; but I should then lose the mare, and that creature was too valuable to think of such a sacrifice; so I made up my mind to chance crossing the prairie. There was no time to be wasted—never a minute; so I gave the mare a kick or two in the ribs and started.

I found the path out to the edge of the prairie easy enough. I had blazed it when I first came to the place; and as the night was not a very dark one, I could see the blazes as I passed between the trees. My mare knew the track as well as myself, and waded through it at a sharp rate, for she knew, too, there was no time to be wasted—never a minute; so I gave the mare a kick or two in the ribs and started.

"I was just wondering what would be the end of the business, when I saw we were getting closer to the timber; it was not more than two miles off, but it was under water except the tops of the trees. I was thinking that when the log should float in among the branches, I might slip off and get my hands upon a tree, without saying anything to my travelling companion. Just at that minute something appeared dead ahead of the log. It was like an island; but what could have brought an island there? Then I recollected that I had seen a piece of high ground about that part of the prairie—a sort of mound that had been made by Indians, I suppose. Thus, then, that mound, sure enough. The log was drifting in such a way that I saw it must pass within twenty yards of the mound. I determined, then, as soon as we should get alongside to put out for it, and leave the panther to continue his voyage without me.

"When I first saw the mound, I observed something that I took for bushes. But there were no bushes on the mound, that I knew of. However, when we got a little closer, I discovered that the bushes were bushes. They were deer; for I spied a pair of buck's horns between me and the sky. But there was a something still larger than a deer. It might be a horse, or an opossum, or an ox, but I thought it was a horse. I was right about that, for a horse it was, or rather, I should say, a mare, and that mare no other than my own creature! After parting company, she had turned with the current; and, as good luck would have it, had swum in a beeline for the island, and there she stood looking as sleek as if she had been greased. The log had by this time got high enough, as I calculated; and, with a little rumble as possible, I slipped over the end; and let go my hold of it. I was not right spread in the water, before I heard a plump and looking a bit, I saw the panther had left the log, and taken to the water, too! At first, I thought he was after me; I drew my knife with one hand, while I swam with the other. But the panther did not mean to be quarrelsome that time. He made but poor swimming himself, and appeared glad enough to get upon dry ground without molesting me; so we swam on, side by side, and not a word passed between us. I did not want to make a race of it; so I let him pass me, rather than that he should lead behind, and get among my legs. Of course, he landed first; and I could hear by the stamping I heard, that his sudden appearance had kicked up a jolly stampede among the creatures upon the island. I could see both deer and mare dancing all over the ground, as if Old Nick himself had got among them. None of them, however, thought of taking to the water. They had all had enough of that, I guess. I kept rather near, so as not to land high the panther; and then, touching bottom, I climbed quietly up on the mound. I had hardly drawn my dripping carcass out of the water, when I heard a loud squeal, which I knew to be the whine of my old mare; and just at that minute the creature came running up, and rubbed her nose against my shoulder. I took the halter in my hand, and sitting round a little, I jumped upon her back, for I still was in fear of the panther; and the mare's back appeared to me the safest place about; and that wasn't very safe, I imagine.

"I now looked all round to see what new company I had got into. The day was just breaking, and I could distinguish a little better every minute. The top of the mound, which was above water, was not over half an acre in size, and it was as clear from timber as any other part of the prairie; so that I could see every inch of it, and everything on it as big as a tumblebug. I suppose stranger, that you will hardly believe me when I tell you the concatenation of events that was then and there congregated together. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I beheld such a gathering, and I thought I had got aboard of Noah's Ark. There was—listen, stranger—first, my old mare and myself, and I wished both of us anywhere else at the time—then there was the panther, your old acquaintance—then there were four deer, a buck and three does. Then came a catamount; and after him a black bear, almost as large as a buffalo. Then there was a raccoon, an opossum and a couple of grey wolves, and a swamp rabbit, and a—well, the thing is a stinking skunk. Perhaps the latter was not the most dangerous vermin on the ground, but it certainly was the most disagreeable of the whole lot for it smelt only as an accursed polecat can smelt.

"I have said, stranger, that I was mightily taken by surprise when I first saw this curious 'clanjamfry' of creatures; but I can tell you I was still more dumfounded when I saw their behavior to one another, knowing their different natures as I did. There was the panther lying up close to the deer's its natural prey; and there were the wolves too; and there was the catamount, standing within three feet of the opossum and the swamp rabbit; and there were the bear and the cunning old coon; and there they all were, no more minding one another than if they had spent all their days together in the same den. It was the saddest sight I ever beheld; and it reminded me of a scene from a book called the Bible, or some such name—about a lion that was so tame he used to 'squat' down beside a lamb, without laying a claw upon the innocent creature. Well, stranger, as I was saying, the whole party behaved in this very way. They all appeared down in the mouth, and badly scared about the water; but for all that, I had my fears that the panther or the bear—I wasn't afraid of any of the others—might get over their fright after the flood fell; and therefore I kept as quiet as any one of them during the whole time I was in their company, and staying all the time close by the mare. But neither bear nor panther showed any

just as I expected, the whole land was covered with water, and looking like a big pond. I could see it shining clear across to the other side of the opening. As luck would have it, I could just get a glimpse of the trees on the far side of the prairie. There was a big clump of cypress trees, that I could see plain enough. I knew this was close to my neighbor's shanty; so I gave my creature the twitch, and struck right for it. As I left the timber, the mare was up to her hips. Of course I expected a good deal of heavy wading; but I had no idea the water would get much higher—there is where I made my mistake. I had not got more than a couple of miles out, when I discovered the water rising rapidly, for I noticed the mare was getting deeper and deeper. It was no use turning back now. I would lose the mare to a dead certainty, if I did not succeed in making the high ground; so I spoke to the creature to do her best, and kept on. The poor beast did not need any whipping—she knew as well as myself there was danger, and she was doing her best and no mistake. Still the water rose, and kept rising, until it came clear up to her shoulders. We were not more than half way across, and I thought if it rose much more we would have to swim for it. I was not far astray about that. The minute after it seemed to deepen suddenly, as if there were a hollow in the prairie. I heard the mare give a loud 'grof', and then go down, till I was up to the wains. She rose again the next minute, but I could tell from the smooth riding, that she was off the bottom. She was swimming, and no mistake.

"At first I thought of heading her back to the shanty; and I drew her round with that intent; but turn her which way I would, I found she could no longer touch bottom. I guess, stranger, I was in a quandary about then. I began to think that both my own and my mare's time had come in earnest, for I had no idea that the creature could ever swim to the other side, especially with me on her back, and particularly as at that time my ribs were heavier than they now are. I was not much under two hundred at the time, and that's no light weight, I reckon. Well, I was about reckoning up. I got to thinking about Mary and the children, and the old shanty in the Mississippi, and a heap of things that I had left unsettled, and that now came into my mind to trouble me. The mare was still plunging ahead; but I observed she was sinking deeper and deeper, and fast losing her strength, and I knew she could not hold out much longer. I thought at this time that if I got off her back, and took hold of her tail, she might manage a little better. So I slipped backwards over her hips, and clung to the long hair. It did do some good for the swimmer; but we got mighty slow through the water, and I had but little hopes we should reach land.

"I was towed in this way about a quarter of a mile, when I spied something floating on the water a little ahead. It had grown considerably darker; but there was still light enough to show me that the thing was a log. An idea now entered my head that I might save myself by taking to the log. The mare would then have a better chance for herself; and, maybe, when asked of dragging me, who was keeping her back, she might make footing somewhere. So I waited till she got a little closer, and then, letting go of her tail, I clasped the log, and crawled on to it. The mare swam on, apparently with out missing me. I saw her disappear through the darkness; but I did not as much as say good by to her, for I was afraid that my voice might bring her back again, and she might strike the log with her hoofs, and 'whammel' it about. So I lay quiet, and let her have her own way.

"I was not long on the log before I discovered that it was drifting, for there was a current in the water that set tolerable sharp across the prairie. I had crawled up at one end, and got astride of the log; but as it dipped considerably, I was still over the hams in the water. I thought I might be more comfortable, towards the middle, and was about to pull the thing more under me, when all at once I saw there was something jumped up on the other end of the log. It was not very clear at the time, for it had been growing cloudier ever since I left the shanty, but it was clear enough to show me that the thing was an animal; what sort I could not tell. It might be a bear, and it might not; but I had my suspicions it was either a bear or a panther. I was not left long in doubt about the thing's gender. The log kept making circles as it drifted, and when the animal came round into a different light, I caught a glimpse of its eyes. I knew those eyes to be no bear's eyes; they were panther eyes, and no mistake. I reckon, stranger, I felt very queer just about then. I did not try to get any nearer the middle of the log; but instead of that, I wriggled back until I was right plumb on the end of it, and could get no further. There I sat for a good long spell, without moving a hand or foot. I was afraid to make a motion, as it might tempt the animal to attack me. I had no weapon but my knife; I had let go my rifle when I slid from my mare's back, and it had gone to the bottom long since. I was not in any condition to stand a tussle with the panther now; so I was determined to let him alone as long as he would me.

"Well we drifted on for a good hour, I guess, without either of us stirring. We sat face to face; and now and then the current would set the log in a sort of up and down motion, and then the panther and I kept bowing to each other like a pair of bob-sawyers. I could see all the while that the animal's eyes were fixed upon mine, and I never took mine from him; I knew that it was the only way to keep him still.

"I was just wondering what would be the end of the business, when I saw we were getting closer to the timber; it was not more than two miles off, but it was under water except the tops of the trees. I was thinking that when the log should float in among the branches, I might slip off and get my hands upon a tree, without saying anything to my travelling companion. Just at that minute something appeared dead ahead of the log. It was like an island; but what could have brought an island there? Then I recollected that I had seen a piece of high ground about that part of the prairie—a sort of mound that had been made by Indians, I suppose. Thus, then, that mound, sure enough. The log was drifting in such a way that I saw it must pass within twenty yards of the mound. I determined, then, as soon as we should get alongside to put out for it, and leave the panther to continue his voyage without me.

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savage propensity the whole of next day and night that followed it.

"Stranger it would tire you were I to tell you all the movements that took place among these creatures during that long day and night. Never a one of them laid tooth or claw on the other. I was hungry enough myself, and would have liked to have taken a steak from the buttocks of one of the deer, but I dared not do it. I was afraid to break the peace, which might have led to the general 'shindy.' When day broke next morning after, I saw that the flood was falling; and as soon as it was shallow enough, I led my mare quietly into the water, and climbing upon her back, took a silent leave of my companions. The water still took my mare up to the flanks, so that I knew none of the vermin could follow without swimming, and not one seemed inclined to try a swim. I struck direct for my neighbor's shanty, which I could see about three miles off; and in an hour or so, I was at his door. There I did not stay long, but borrowing an extra gun, which he happened to have, and taking him along with his own wife, I waded my mare back to the island.

"We found the game not exactly as I had left it. The fall of the flood had given the panther, the cat and the wolves courage. The swamp rabbit and the opossum were completely gone—all but bits of their wool—and one of the does was better than half devoured. My neighbor took one side, and I the other, and riding close up we surrounded the island. I plugged the panther at the first shot, and he did the same for the bear. We next laid out the wolves, and after that, 'company,' and then we took our time about the deer—these latter and the bear being the only valuable things on the island. The skunk we killed last, as we did not want the thing to sink us off the place while we were skinning the deer. After killing the skunk we mounted and left, of course, loaded with our bear meat and venison. I got my rifle after all. When the flood went down, I found it near the middle of the prairie, half buried in the slough.

"I saw I had built my shanty in the wrong place; but I soon looked out for a better location, and put up another. I had all ready in the spring, when I went back to Mississippi, and brought out my wife and the two young ones." Thus ended the squatter's story.

THE ARABS.

Bayard Taylor in a recent lecture on the Arabs, said—

"To know the Arabs one must know the East. The intensity of the sunshine is reproduced in the Arab eye—the sunbeam is a terrible symbol of those gusts of wrath, which desolate the human soul. Luxury and indolence are their characteristics as well as fiery tempers, and we are at a loss to reconcile the one with the other. Our sky, as bright as it is, is not to be compared with that of the East. After fifty days of desert travel, I felt it fascinated by the variety of its scenes. In its solitude, it resembles the ocean, but it is sweet and refreshing. Providence leaves none of the desert places of the earth without some atoning quality. God has breathed upon the desert this sweet and cleansing breeze. I could point out many traits of resemblance between the sailor and the Bedouin. Each are free and roving in their tastes. Among either, you will rarely find a coward.

After speaking of the wandering Arabs, as the type of the race, and relating several anecdotes in connection therewith, he continues:

"Though fierce by nature, and revengeful, the Arab is not cruel or blood-thirsty. As a simple enemy, he is chivalrous and humane, as an avenger he is terrible in the last degree. The meanness of crime of stealing is rare among the Arabs, and though it is allowed among some tribes, yet detection is followed by punishment. Their greatest frailties are cheating and lying, but they seem to look on these as an amusement. As this propensity is one of the first to strike a stranger, many travelers go home under very erroneous impressions of the people. They lie generally through malice, carelessness, and the natural tendency to exaggerate, which is characteristic to the Arab tongue—and this latter almost universal. It is a language of roots, and abounds in bold and brilliant images.

MORALS AT WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Herald, "Otago," has the following reference to a vice that has almost become a feature in the society of the National Metropolis: Speaking of gambling, I will say in this connection, that this ruinous vice, or habit, prevails in Washington—in private rooms and club-rooms—in hotels and grog-shops, as well as in elegant and attractive "gaming saloons"—where good eating, drinking and smoking are gratuitously furnished the customers—and in other "Hells" less seductive, sequestered all over the city. Tens and hundreds of Congressmen and others, have been irretrievably ruined in these infernal holes—first visited, perhaps, as matter of curiosity, they are astonished to find men there, earnestly absorbed in gambling, whose characters to the public eye are unsullied. Champagne, oysters, canvass-backs, terrapin, and every variety of choice edibles and drinkables are spread out in profuse and gratuitous attractiveness. They eat and drink and smoke, and then on a "gamble a little," so as not to appear mean; and from this beginning fortunes are squandered, morals corrupted—home and its blessed influences cease to attract, and degradation of men and desolation of their family circles are the "finality."

It may not be uninteresting to state that the ladies of Keokuk, Illinois, have decided, in solemn convention, to use no more brandy in their pipes.

Parity.

[For the Ohio Union.]

LINES ON AN INFANT.

BY E. O. FIDMANS.

Darling little prattling,
Huddling on my knee,
Lives there a mortal one
Happier than thee?
Free of care or trouble,
Pure of sin or guile,
Playing in the sunshine
Of a happy smile.

Soft and yellow ringlets,
Cheeks of rosy hue
Laughing dimples on them—
Eyes of lightest blue;
Brighter than the dewdrop
At the break of day,
Sweeter than the roses
In the mouth of May.

So live—that at his coming
The gathering of all,
In the Autumn time of life
When the leaves are most to fall,
That friends may watch around thee
In serene and dreamy
Whillat hoping, thou canst sweetly
Smile and pass away
Londonville, O. March, 1854.

SMOKING IN A STAGE.

The late Mr. Clay was a man of great

revolution and considerable daring. He once told the following anecdote to a friend of ours. Travelling in early manhood in a public conveyance in a south-eastern State, he found himself in company of three other persons, consisting of a young lady and gentleman, her husband, and an individual muffled in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be indulging in a tete-a-tete with Morpheus. Suddenly a big, brawny Kentuckian got into the coach, smoking a cigar, and frowned fiercely around, as much as to say, "I'm half horse, half alligator, the yellor flower of the forest, all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis." In fact, he looked as savage as a meat-axe, and puffed forth huge volumes of smoke, without reference to the company within, especially the lady, who manifested certain timid symptoms of annoyance. Presently, after some whispering, the gentleman with her, in the politest accent, requested the stranger not to smoke, as it annoyed his companion. The fellow answered, "I reckon I've paid for my place. I'll smoke as much as I darn please, and all hell shan't stop me, no how." With that he looked dangerous, and rolled his eyes round as fiercely as a rattlesnake. It was evident he had no objection to a quarrel, and that if it occurred it was likely to lead to a deadly struggle. The young man who had spoken to him shrunk back and was silent.

Clay felt his gallantry aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interfere, but experienced a natural reluctance to draw upon himself the brutal violence of his gigantic adversary. In that lawless country, he knew his life might be sacrificed unavenged. He knew himself physically unequal to the contest, and he thought, after all, it was not his business, quixotically, to take up another man's quarrel. Feeling pity for the insulted, and disgust toward the insolent, he determined to take no notice; when, very quietly indeed, the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, and the mantle was suffered to fall from it without effort or excitement.

The small but sinewy frame of a man, plainly dressed in a tightly-buttoned frock coat, with nothing remarkable about his appearance, was seen, and a pair of bright eyes sought the fierce optics of the ferocious Kentuckian. Without a word, this "lay figure" passed his hand under his collar at the back of his neck, and slowly and deliberately pulled forth a long—extremely long—and glittering knife from its sheath in that singular place—"Stranger," he said, "my name is Col. James Bowie, well known in Arkansas and Louisiana, and if you don't put that cigar out of the window in a quarter of a minute, I'll put this knife through your bowels, as sure as death."

Clay said he never forgot in after life the expression of the Colonel's eyes at that moment. The predominant impression made upon him was the certainty of the threat being fulfilled, and apparently the same conviction impressed itself ere long upon the offender. During two or three seconds his eyes met those of Bowie. He was the weaker, and he quailed. With a curse he tore the cigar from between his teeth, and flung it, scowling, but downcast, out of the window. Upon this, Col. James Bowie as deliberately replaced his long knife in its eccentric hiding place, and, without saying a word to any one reloaded his cloak around him, and did not utter another syllable to the end of the journey.—Quarterly Review for January.

Hon. John A. Corwin, became Chief Justice of the Supreme Bench of this State on Thursday last, according to the rotation principle under the new Constitution. On the same